

# WINCHESTER DAILY BULLETIN.

"THE WILL OF A PEOPLE RESOLVED TO BE FREE IS LITTLE LESS THAN OMNIPOTENT."

VOL. 1.

WINCHESTER, TENN., MARCH 31, 1863.

NO. 129

The Daily Bulletin.

W. J. SLATTER, Proprietor.

Terms:

One Dollar per Month.

Notice to Subscribers.

When you find  $\square$  before your name on your paper, please renew your subscription, as it is a notice that the time for which it has been paid will expire in a few days.

A very limited space in the Daily Bulletin will be allowed for advertisements.—Terms, \$1 for each square, 1st insertion; 50cts for each subsequent insertion.

Articles of much length, intended for publication, must be handed in in the forenoon to insure publication next day.

Obituaries, Tributes of Respect, and Funeral Invitations charged as advertisements, but marriages and deaths published as news.

Advertisements of charitable institutions at half price.

## HOW A MAN FEELS IN BATTLE.

There can be nothing more puzzling than the analysis of one's feelings on the battle field. You cannot describe them satisfactorily to yourself or others. To march steadily up to the mouth of a hundred cannon while they pour out fire and smoke, and shot and shell in a storm that mows the men like grass, is horrible beyond description—appalling. It is absurd to say a man can do it without fear. During Hancock's charge at Fredericksburg, for a long distance the slope was swept by such a hurricane of death that we thought every step would be our last, and I am willing to say, for one, that I was pretty badly scared. Whatever may be said about "getting used to it," old soldiers secretly dread a battle equally with new ones. But the most difficult thing to stand up under is the suspense while waiting, as we waited in Fredericksburg, drawn up in the line of battle on the edge of the field, watching the columns file past us and disappear in a cloud of smoke, where horses and men and colors go down in confusion, where all sounds are lost in the screaming shells, the crackling of musketry, the thunder of artillery, and knowing our turn comes next, expecting each moment the word "Forward!" It brings a strange kind of relief when "Forward" comes. You move mechanically with the rest. Once fairly in for it, your sensibilities are strangely blunted; you care comparatively nothing about the sights that shock you at first; men torn to pieces by cannon shot becomes a matter of course. At such a time there comes a latent sustenance from within us, or above us, which no man anticipates who has not been in such a place before, and which most men pass through life without knowing anything about. What is it? Where does it come from?

ALL A MISTAKE.—The popular idea of an editor is, a miserable man, perpetually tormented with the task of obtaining material to "fill up a newspaper"—a bottomless abyss, that is incapable of overflowing as the cup of happiness. Out of this yawning gulf there is supposed to issue periodically a devil. Day and night the insatiate fiend is said to haunt him and scream in his ears for "copy, more copy." It is no such thing. There is no such man. There is no abyss, and no devil. It is a humbug, every word of it.—The last apprehension that ever flits through the brain of an editor, and there are a great many, is the apprehension that "there will not be enough to fill up with." Instead of not being enough to fill up, it is just the other way. There is too much. The trouble is to cut it down, pare off the edges, shorten the ends, and leave out the middle, so as to get it all in. Show us an editor and we will show you a man that, twelve times a day, laments that his paper is so small. More things happen in a day than can be published in a month. There is no limit to news; but newspapers, alas, are bounded by feet and inches.—*Selma Reporter.*

Little Daisy, seeing a girl of her acquaintance who was pigeon-toed, running, said to her sister: "Minnie, her feet are cross-eyed." To her Mamma, who was trying to make her understand the meaning of smile, she says: "Oh yes! I know—it is the whisper of a laugh."

ARISTOCRACY among the "niggers" is quite as respectable as elsewhere, and we find an amusing specimen of it in a history of old times in Richmond. The author relates an anecdote of an old negro who, when asked by his young mistress why he did not attend church as formerly, replied,

"That when he could sit by Mr. Wickham's Bob and Judge Marshall's Jack he liked to join sicut, but now he never knew who he sat by, and so he staid at home."

Such is the "gregarious equality" of our degenerate times, has been the deterioration of even colored sicut!

Gen. Bragg has presented to General Beauregard, for his department, a battery of field guns captured from the enemy at the battle of Murfreesboro'.

The most sympathetic chord to touch in a poor man's heart these times, is to give him a chord of wood.

[Advertisement.]

WINCHESTER, March 30, 1863.

Messrs. Editors: Again I must trouble you with an answer to another of Mr. Davis' cards. I had hoped after the explanation I had given, that this disagreeable matter would have been dropped, and that the public would no longer have been annoyed with a continuation of this uninteresting polemic. Mr. Davis "hopes that his explanation will be satisfactory and final." I trust also, that this will be the end of this affair—at any rate, as far as the public is concerned.

Mr. Davis says that he visited the premises "with a friend and found the remains of a batten door lying near the cabin and several panel doors in the tents, which rested on piles of brick, being used as flooring and scaffolding to be walked or slept upon, as occasion might require, greatly to their injury and liable at any moment to have the panels broken through," and he saw also so many other signs of desolation and ruin, as to warrant his disinterested and generous mind to doubt an assertion of mine, which he believed, before his visit, "to be in the main true." Now, I have never made an assertion which was not the truth. I said that "the doors, windows, &c., were precisely in the same condition that they were in when I had them removed" and so they are, in spite of Mr. Davis' opinion about it.

The batten door, I know nothing about, and might have been lying where Mr. Davis picked it up for the last six months, for aught I know. The doors resting on piles of brick are used by the men to sleep upon and not as a flooring, and have received no injury whatever. But for the injury done by my men, who were so wicked as to take a door to sleep upon, rather than lie upon the damp earth, I will compensate Mr. Davis with dollars and cents. The "new smoke house" is a dilapidated concern, and has had shingles torn from its roof by little negroes from the neighborhood, and not by my men.

As to cooking upon the premises—we all board at the hotel and at private houses—Mr. D.'s intimation that we burn any of his values, is untimely and rash, to say the least.

I am certain that, if Mr. Davis, in his visit, had been actuated by some nobler motive than that of fault-finding, he would have left the premises with a lighter heart and his mind less troubled by fitting phantoms of "panel doors and windows."

One word more and I shall drop this matter. I understand that Mr. Davis bought this place but recently, and would have sold the property could he have made a satisfactory bargain. Now, it seems to me that if money could have bought this place and all its fruit trees and shrubbery, (for I suppose the fruit trees and shrubbery must go with it) it can still pay for whatever injury that may have been done to "a favorite shrub," and Mr. Davis' touching appeal to the nobler sentiments vanishes like a pricked bubble.

I am gentlemen, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
Lt. N. O. LAUVE.

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[From the Field and Fireside.  
To the First Snow of '63.

BY ELINOR.

Onceif thy pure snow-dale enameled the earth,  
It but drove our loved group to the bright  
blazing hearth.  
And o'er brightened our boisterous laughter  
and mirth—

Our childish mirth.

For with our cold snow-balls and turbulent  
play,  
Rude snow men who gave up the ghost in a  
day,  
Our lives rolled on bright, golden wheels  
away—  
Love's wheels away.

But now when old winter's chill breath falls  
fast,  
In every mean of the tempest blast  
There tolls a knell for dear pleasures past—  
Sad pleasures past.

We tremble aghast at the ice-cold breeze  
As it sighs and shrieks through the waving  
trees,  
And bends the tall mast on the heaving seas—  
The grave-like sea.

In fancy we hear in each sound of the gale  
"The lone sentry's tread" or the soldier's sick  
wail,  
And our grief-burdened spirits do well nigh  
fail.

They will nigh fail.

Since last our fair earth was arrayed in thy  
white,  
Our day-star has sunk 'mid the darkness of  
night,  
For he who was once our gay-homestead's  
delight—

Blest homestead's delight.

At Malvern's the noblest and best of our land  
With him methinks late—a pure-marrow'd land,  
Laid low by the birding's guilt-smeared hand—

His blood-stained hand.

Do ye marvel now that our sad hearts bound  
At the rattling of hail on the frozen ground,  
With ring the great leaves on our darling's  
mount—

His glory-wreath'd mound?

A VALUABLE ACCESSION.—The Charles-

ton correspondent of the Mobile  
News says that Mr. Thomas Birpham,  
a Lieutenant in the British army, and  
a creole of the British West Indies,  
arrived there the other day from Bar-

badoes, and has gone West to take  
service with Gen. Morgan's cavalry.  
Lieut. Birpham was educated in Eng-

land, and is well informed and highly  
educated. He expresses the opinion

that the final success of the Confederacy,  
which he looks upon as already  
accomplished, will eventually break up  
the Abolition party in England as well

as in America. He represents all the  
creoles in the British West Indies as

deeply sympathizing in our cause, and

that they yet hope to see slavery es-

tablished among them.

MARRIAGE IN THE ARMY.—A CAPTAIN.

A letter from Raleigh (N. C.) con-  
tains the following paragraph. It  
needs no explanation:

Some of our soldiers, who have wives  
and children at home, have married  
again among the Virginia girls. The  
sweet, lovely damsels of the Valley  
and Fredericksburg little think, as

they take these gay young gentlemen  
"for better or for worse," that they

have left other devoted wives and pi-  
tiful chaps behind. An instance of  
this sort "leaked out" a short time

ago. A "nice young Lieutenant" of a  
Louisiana regiment wrote a very long  
endearing letter to his wife and children

in Louisiana, and about the same time  
wrote a most affectionate, loving letter

to his newly married bride, who was  
staying a few miles away from camp,  
and accidentally, but unfortunately for

By Telegraph

EXPRESSLY FOR THE DAILY BULLETIN

LATE NORTHERN NEWS.

YANKEE GEN. SUMNER DEAD

DEMOCRATIC ANTI-WAR MEETING.

Foreign Twaddle, &c.

RICHMOND 29.

The Examiner has Northern dates to the  
25th. The New York Herald announces the  
death of Maj. Gen. Sumner. His body was  
removed to City Hall on the 24th, visited by  
thousands.

The general Committee of democrats at Ma-  
zart Hall unanimously adopted resolutions ex-  
tremely opposed to the war policy of the Gov-  
ernment.

The Tribune says there are one hundred and  
thirty thousand deserters from the Federal ar-  
my.

Burnside has gone West to succeed Wright,  
with authority to have headquarters at St  
Louis.

Gold declined to 145, closing at 140. Ex-  
change 160.

The Paris correspondent of the London  
News, 6th of March, says news of the issue of  
letters of Marque, by Lincoln, caused a great  
impression there. Also noticed as significant  
that the Monitor copied from English papers  
an article advocating the prompt recognition  
of the South.

The Anglo-Chinese steamer, so called, has  
been sold by Messrs. Laird & Birmingham for  
service of the roads.

CHARLESTON, March 27.

All quiet. The weather is dark and rainy.  
Rumors of the enemy's approach probable, but  
nothing authentic. It is also stated that the  
ironclad steamer, Arie, was captured last  
night by the blockaders.

RICHMOND, March 28.

At auction to-day Confederate bonds of the  
fifteen million loan, sold at 135— a large ad-  
vance. One hundred million loan, long date,  
sold from 210 to 212. Brokers selling Gold at  
four hundred premium, and bank notes at  
ninety.

Senate not in session to-day.

The House passed the assessment bill  
to-morrow. Also passed Senate's bill, auth-  
orizing the discharge of certain civil officers  
from the army, with amendments. The Pres-  
ident signed the imprisonment bill.

Four Enslavements.—A good deal of mis-  
understanding exists in reference to the location  
of this post. It is often spoken of as a bar-  
rier in the progress of the enemy to the rear  
of Vicksburg, that this command by many  
to be quite near the latter place. On the con-  
trary, it is more than one hundred miles dis-  
tant. Fort Pemberton is on the Yazoo river,  
a short distance below the confluence of the  
Tallahatchie and Yalobusha. The Yankees  
reached it through Yazoo pass, which leaves  
the Mississippi a few miles below Holmes and  
Cold-water river, the latter emptying into  
the Yazoo, about or near the point where we  
suppose Fort Pemberton to be situated. Should  
the Yankees succeed in passing this fort, we  
do not understand how they would be in the  
rear of Vicksburg, for they would still be in  
the Yazoo, which empties into the Mississippi  
above Vicksburg. They would, however, be  
able to destroy all our boats in the Yazoo and  
cut us off from the large extent of rich coun-  
try lying between the Yazoo and Mississippi,  
from which our Vicksburg army is being  
mainly subsisted. Fort Pemberton is not more  
than thirty miles from the Mississippi Central  
Railroad, and can thus be readily reinforced  
from Vicksburg if necessary.